

The Saturday Alberta

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Note and Comment

The spirited defence which Mr. Stein gives in another column of the Jewish people is well worth reading. Particularly gratifying is what he says as to the way in which the members of his race appreciate the benefits of British citizenship. The Jews, up to the present, have not been a strong factor in Canadian life, though their influence is steadily growing. On the other hand, in the old land they have come to the fore in every field of activity and with the long list of men and women of distinction that they have supplied to the life of the nation, the day is long since past when Englishmen would look down upon them because of their racial origin. During the past month a Jewish lawyer, Sir Rufus Isaacs, became the first law officer of the kingdom. The death occurred the other day of Lady Louise Rothschild, the widow of one of the members of that family who died some years ago. One could not read the English papers without realizing how widespread and how sincere was the sorrow occasioned by the news. For years she had been a centre of large movements for the relief of distress and the general physical and intellectual betterment of the people. All, no matter what their creed, paid tribute to what, through the intelligent use of her wealth and her influence, she had been able to accomplish towards the enriching and softening of conditions of life for thousands of those less fortunately situated about her. No wonder that with such an example, Jew-baiting is now an unheard of thing in England. That this is the case should serve to encourage those of other races in other parts of the world, who suffer, if not from active persecution, from prejudices which make their progress difficult. It is quite possible for them, as for the English Jew, to live these down. If they play the part of industrious self-respecting citizens, the antipathies from which they now suffer cannot long prevail.

Last Week a company of New York citizens paid tribute around the banquetting table to Dr. William J. Mayo, the older of the two surgeons who, as one of the speakers said, have made Minnesota the state in which the Mayo brothers live. The report of the gathering is of as much interest to Albertans, living though they do nearly three thousand miles from the spot where it was held and with an international boundary line lying between as to the people of the American metropolis. The influence of men in other professions is limited by geographical, racial and political divisions. But the brotherhood of human suffering is universal and a great doctor's usefulness goes out to the ends of the earth. Others come to the fore through trickery and buncombe. They may buy their way to positions, which carry large reputations with them. They may, to all interests and purposes, have to sell their immortal souls to get along. But in the practice of medicine "pull" and deception will not carry one very far. He has to be able to show results. No one is going to take chances, with life involved, with one who cannot. For these reasons too great honor cannot be done to a man like Dr. Mayo.

No wonder that the hospital at Rochester, Minnesota, has become one of the important centres of the continent. It was stated twenty years ago, and last year no less than 33,000 persons were treated there. Out of a total of 7,177 operations there were but ninety-two deaths. Out of 1,325 cases of appendicitis only four resulted fatally.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, in the course of a notable speech at this New York banquet laid emphasis on how much the work of the two doctors did in acting as a saving grace from the humbugs of healing.

"Remember the way Dowie used to buy a thirty-five cent bottle of olive oil," said Dr. Hillis, "and then sell blue tickets at \$5 apiece to a line of persons who would walk past him and get one drop with some incantation about bidding the disease depart. When I think of the number of these healers who are able to exist I think that perhaps the saying of Carlyle, who saw 35,000,000 fools in England out of a population of 36,000,000, may be applied to this country."

A great deal is being published in the magazines and newspapers in reference to schemes for town

planning. A large section of the public has apparently wakened up to the fact that it is absurd, in every way, to let communities grow on the haphazard principle. However, the interest in the movement is confined mostly to the old world. Yet it is in America where the great development is still in store, that such schemes can best be carried out. The explanation of the activity in Europe is that the people, through bitter experience, realize that that is lost through lack of an intelligent system.

An International Town Planning Exhibition has been a centre of attraction in the Royal Academy Galleries of London, England, during the past fortnight. About a thousand plans and models have been used to illustrate the character and growth of cities of all ages. Their architectural aspect, traffic problems, the development of suburbs, garden cities and villages, the provision of open spaces as parks and playing fields and many other features are included. A similar exhibition was held in Berlin a

Ulm, which has adhered to the traditional cottage type of dwelling for its working folk.

Among British cities Edinburgh was conspicuous with a collection of drawings illustrating the town planning operations which are being carried on in the ancient Scottish capital. Professor Geddes also had arranged a special series of drawings and models illustrating the development of Edinburgh and the method of conducting a city survey which is so important a preliminary stage in town planning work. Port Sunlight and other British garden cities also sent exhibits. Among other cities which contributed in one way or another to the interest and instruction of the occasion were such diverse places as Chicago, Havre, Nancy, Versailles, Rome, Millan, Khartoum, Omdurman, and Kingston (Jamaica). A town-planning conference was held concurrently at the Guildhall. The published programme promises an opening address by the Right Hon. John Burns, M. P., and papers by such authorities on civic matters

these problems are able to furnish and act upon it. With the approach of civic elections, there is a live issue on which aspirants for honors could easily make a reputation upon.

An article in the Montreal Witness illustrates the condition of things that have arisen in an eastern Canadian city and it will surely be repeated in this part of the Dominion, if care is not taken. Commenting on the exhibition referred to, the Witness says:

"What a chance Montreal missed by not contributing! Surely we would have gained at the very least the grand prize and leather medal for the finest demonstration of 'How not to do it'! We could have shown the Londoners pictures or models of a city of incomparable natural advantages destroyed or nullified as completely as possible by civic carelessness and incompetence. We could have shown those benighted Englishmen moving pictures with a phonograph attachment of a council which spends its time in discussing theology, and settling the affairs of Rome in particular and the world in general, instead of attending to the people's business. The moving pictures, with oral accompaniment, would show how a majority of a 'Reform Council', pledged to support a certain by-law, has used every means to kill it, and sometimes seemed to wish it could personally assault the mover. They would show the same giant intellects listening, horrified, to stories of Emancipation Lodges and such-like dreadful institutions as absurd and contradictory as anything in comic opera. They would reveal to them a city which should extend according to well-considered plans, but which has 'grown' like Topsy. They would show them a city with matchless facilities for water supply, whose citizens have to boil their water for fear of typhoid; a city where electric lighting and heating could have been the convenience of the poorest citizen, but whose birthright was sold to an adventurous corporation which did not even give a mess of pottage in exchange; a city where parks could and should be plentiful, but where every available space is being grabbed up by speculative land companies; a city whose existing parks have only been kept for the citizens' health and pleasure by the vigilance of a few civic patriots; a city which should have infinite capacity for growth, but where overcrowding already is prevalent; a city where, in some sections, every third man seems to be a lawyer, but where law is openly violated; a city of churches, and of enthusiastic 'religious' demonstrations here vice receives official protection. It is strange that it is the old European cities, where vested interests are supposed to be all-powerful, which are distinguishing themselves in healthful and beautiful town-planning, and that almost the most hopeful exhibit which 'free countries' like Canada or America could send would be a record of a middle which by special grace was beginning to learn that it really was a middle."

A bulletin issued by one of the large companies of Winnipeg contains some information of divided interest: "The demand for money is enormous. Scarcely one-third of the loan applications can be accepted, so great is the call for money. The interest rate in our chosen field shows not the slightest sign of lessening. We can readily place every dollar available in the best of securities and at the satisfactory rates that have been obtained for so many years."

This company is not the only considerable loan-making agency that finds the demand for money at the present time very strong.

The bulletin referred to, in commenting upon the demand for mortgage loans, says: "One of the most significant conditions observed for many a 'lay' in connection with the loan applications is that much of the money now being borrowed is avowedly required for the purchase of stock. In the West this means a great deal. It means a wise change of farming methods—a change to mixed farming. It means that the western farmers are discarding the penny-wise practice of growing wheat and wheat only year after year, impoverishing the land and risking disaster by putting all their eggs in one basket. And another thing is observed. It is apparent that the majority of the loans being obtained by western farmers are far less for the purpose of buying additional land than for the improvement of properties already owned. More land being put under cultivation, more effective appliances are being purchased and more scientific methods pursued."

British and American Politics in Cartoon



THE IDLER MALGRE LUI

Lord Kitchener: "Think I shall ever be any good at this?"
Punch: "Hope you won't have the time sir!"

(Lord Kitchener has recently been taking lessons in golf at Archfield.) —Punch.



The Outlook.

—New York American.



"THE HOLIDAY CAT."

P. C. Punch: "Poor devil! The fuss they made of it—and now off they go and forget all about it till October."

—Punch.



WILLIAM TELL AND SON.

A mighty trying position for any father and son.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

few months ago, and this and the additional fact that Germany holds the leading place in modern town-planning has led to a remarkably large and diverse collection of exhibits from the Fatherland. A number of designs recently submitted in a competition held for the planning of great Berlin was of remarkable interest. The cities of Cologne, Munich, Nuremberg, Dusseldorf and other industrial centres also sent plans, sketches and models illustrating their methods of dealing with the rapid extension of their urban districts and their housing and other problems. The industrial town of Essen, the seat of the famous Krupp Steel Works, showed how its people were housed in a manner which avoided the block system which frequently renders 'model dwellings' so cheerless and prison-like. A somewhat similar exhibition was that of the city of

as Professor Percy Gardner, Professor H. J. Haverfield, Professor Geddes, Sir William Richmond, D. I. Lillenberg, of Sweden, and Mr. Richardson Evans. The papers cover such topics as 'The cities of the past,' 'The cities of the present,' 'The civic survey,' 'Some factors in town planning,' and 'The restraint of advertising.' The 'Westminster Gazette' in a preliminary notice promises that 'by no means the least interesting to an English public will be the exhibits from our own colonies, from America, and from France, where either the needs of the people or the conditions governing the planning of towns according to modern views are identical or almost identical with our own.'

Should not Canadian cities, particularly those of the western provinces, secure the information which the European municipalities that have investigated



"Your father ain't a real doctor yet."
"Yes he is."
"Nope. He's just practising medicine."

Social note from Kingston: Number 1124, East Corridor, will come out this season.—Toronto News.

A Wonderful Escape.

Once again the conversation had veered around to thrilling adventures. "That reminds me of an experience I had some time ago," remarked a member. "I was riding a brakeless bicycle down a steep lane, when all of a sudden the chain snapped, and I careered down the rest of the hill, took a turn at right angles, and in the corner of the angle stood a cottage. I was wondering what the verdict would be at the inquest when I saw man rest a plank of wood against the eyes of the cottage. I went straight for the plank, over the roof and down the other side. Luckily the cottage's wife and daughters were shaking carpets, and alighting on an outstretched carpet, I was gently lowered to the ground."

A dead dull silence descended on the company, which was broken by the bursting of a soda water syphon.

The teacher was telling the story of "Red Riding Hood." She had described the woods and the wild animals that lived there. "Suddenly," she cried, "Red Riding Hood heard a loud noise. She turned around and what do you suppose she saw standing there looking at her, showing all its sharp, white teeth!" "Teddy Roosevelt!" cried one of the boys.—Judge.

An English newspaperman makes the statement that the best pun in the English language is Tom Hood's: He went and told the sexton And the sexton tolled the bell. The worst pun he says, is that of a man who fell into a ditch and rose with the remark: "How very ditch-tressing!"

Dr. Johnson said that the pun was the lowest order of wit; but to this Goldsmith replied: "The pun, in other words, is the foundation of wit, eh?" Every Latin master likes to tell his boys two puns. The first is a punning derivation of restaurant—"Res, a thing; taurus, a bull; a bullying thing." The other is a derivation of virgin—"Vir, a man; gin, a trap; a man-trap."

REALITY.

He dreamed about a cozy home That should be all his own; Cramped quarters of a boarding house Should be a nightmare frown.

His wardrobe should be always kept In beautiful array, A spacious place for everything Each in its ordered way.

He found an angel to preside Within his home and heart, And thought his trials sore were done, Forever to depart.

He married her—the spacious home Proved but an empty name, The lower bureau drawer now Is all that he dare claim.

A QUIET GAME AT HOME

Richard Henry Little, well known to many Albertans, tells this story in the Chicago Tribune:

"Now for a nice, sociable little evening," said Blobley, as he and his wife settled down in their cozy little parlor in Lonelydale to play poker with their friends and neighbors, the Skaggses. "Listen, girls. Jim and I got tired of giving up our good money to the pokers at the club, and we just decided that after this we'd play poker at our own fireside, where nobody yells murder when you fill a bobtail flush. The real jackpot in this game is good fellowship, and everybody will hold four aces. All set, deal 'em, Skaggsie, old boy."

The game proceeded right merrily with honors fairly even.

"Well, win or lose, the house will buy a drink," said the happy Blobley

after an hour's play. "By George, you girls don't know how much nicer poker is when you two play in place of some of those shoestring gamblers around at the club. Ho, ho, what is this I see? I am sorry, friends, but at this point your genial host is going to boost said pot. Ten centavos more, Mrs. Skaggs, if you would buy my pretty flowers."

"Well, I'll just raise you, smarty," said Mrs. Skaggs.

"I warn you, beautiful lady," said Blobley, "and tho' it causes me bitter pain, I'll—"

"Sweetheart, I'm dreaming"—hummed Mrs. Blobley. "I want to raise, too. Isn't it fun to raise?"

"Here, I didn't know you were in this, Lucy," said Blobley. "Didn't you hear me say I was going to give said pot another boost. Keep out."

"Listen," said Skaggs, suddenly. "No, I must have been mistaken. Go ahead."

"What did you hear, Skaggs?" asked Blobley.

"Thought I heard somebody talking across the board," answered Skaggs, "but of course I was wrong."

"Well, anyhow, I'm going to raise," remarked Mrs. Blobley. "Let's see, O, yes, that's right."

"Just the same, here goes my tilt," said Blobley.

"I raise if you please," said Mrs. Skaggs, severely.

"I'll raise again," said Mrs. Blobley.

"Oh, don't lose your head in a little game of poker," interposed Blobley.

"Of course, if we're playing partners," said Skaggs, "I'd better take a look at your hand, Myrt, and coach you a little from the side lines, too."

"She's boosted some more," said Blobley, suddenly. "Those who like to throw their money away, get in line."

"I raise," snapped Mrs. Skaggs.

"So do I," remarked Mrs. Blobley. "O, I've got the cutest hand."

"Well, if you women want to make this a regular gambling game," said Blobley, "all right. I'm forced to play my hand. I'll hike her again."

"So do I," said Mrs. Skaggs, pale, but calm.

"O, I don't want to rob you of all your pin money for a week," Mr. Blobley remarked, casually. "Let your husband take a look at your hand and tell you what you want to do."

"My wife's got sense enough to play her own game," said Skaggs, "and I think her pin money for a week will be sufficient to call all bluffs in this camp."

"Sweetheart, I'm Dreaming of Thee," hummed Mrs. Blobley. "O, it is around to me again. Well, I'll raise. O, I just love to raise."

"Well, rather than be raided by the police for running a gambling house," said Blobley, "I suppose I'll have to call, but I hate to lay down a hand like this. I've got a king high flush. I hate to take the money, but I warned you girls."

"I've got three queens and a pair of twos," declared Mrs. Skaggs, solemnly. "That's higher than your hand."

"Wait a minute, please," said Blobley, with dignity. "Mrs. Blobley is in this game. What have you, my dear."

"Four sixes," squealed Mrs. Blobley. "Is that high?"

"Ho, ho," shouted Blobley, "I should say it was high. Well, I guess the house will have to buy on those four sixes."

"Nice hand," remarked Mrs. Skaggs. "To bad she's got six cards. Her hand's dead. Your money, Myrt."

"Here, what's that?" asked Blobley. "If she's got six cards, then it's a misdeal and we divide the pot. Let's see, now, we each—"

"Oh, I don't think," objected Skaggs, "that hand is dead and the contest is between you and Myrt, and she has the highest hand. Take it, Myrt."

"No, indeed," interposed Mrs. Blobley. "Mrs. Skaggs dealt the cards, and it's her fault if I have too many. So that entitles me to the money."

"O, no, no, dear," said Blobley. "Fair is fair. You had the high hand, but since there's objection, we'll divide the pot."

"Come on, Myrt," said Skaggs, rising. "We'll play at Jim O'Leary's next time, where they don't run a brace game."

"Oh, take the money," murmured Mrs. Blobley, freely. "I don't care for it, anyhow. I simply didn't want to be cheated."

"Sorry you have to go," said Blobley, with terrific dignity, "and send back our lawn mower tomorrow, Skaggs, if you think of it."

"Oh, I'll see that he does," answered Mrs. Skaggs. "And I'll take home our dictionary, Mrs. Blobley, if you don't mind."

"Take it right along," said Blobley. "There's a few words in it, Skaggs, commencing with 'piker' you ought to look up."

Blobley and Skaggs are playing poker at the club again, but in different games. And Mrs. Blobley and Mrs. Skaggs don't speak.

THEY SMILE AT ME.

Sometimes I wonder why they smile so pleasantly at me, And pat my head when they pass by as friendly as can be;

Sometimes I wonder why they stop to tell me How-d'-do, And ask me then how old I am and where I am going to;

And ask me can I spare a curl and say they used to know A little girl that looked like me, oh years and years ago;

And I told Mamma how they smiled and asked her why they do, So she said if you smile at folks they always smile at you.

I never knew I smiled at them when they were going by, I guess it smiled all by itself and that's the reason why;

I just look up from playing if it's any one I know And they most always smile at me and maybe say Hello;

And I can smile at any one, no matter who or where Because I'm just a little girl with lots of them to spare;

And Mamma said we ought to smile at folk, and if you do Most always they feel better and they smile right back at you.

And when so many smile at me and ask me for a curl It makes me think most everybody likes a little girl;

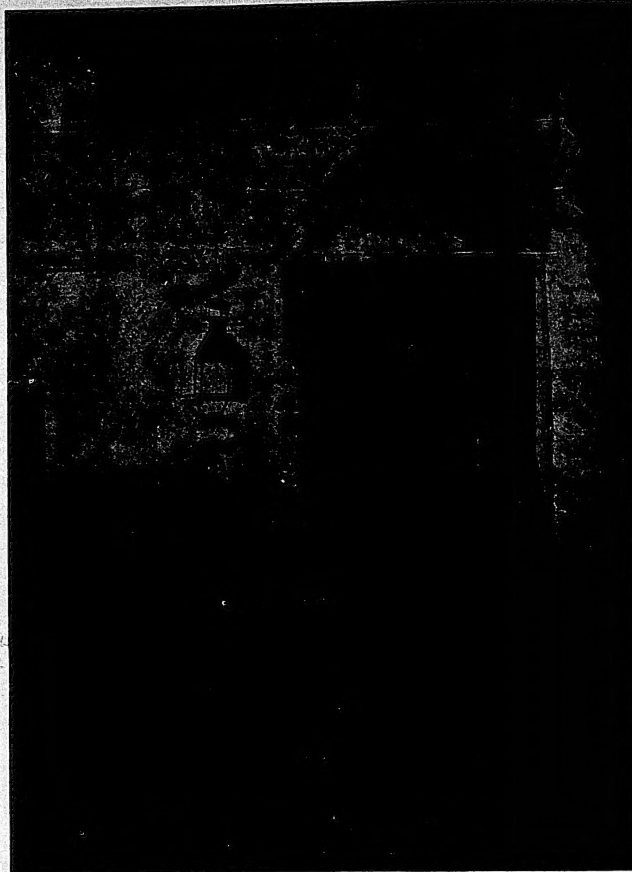
And once when I was playing and a man was going by He smiled at me and then he rubbed some dust out of his eyes,

Because it made it water so, and said he used to know A little girl up in his yard who used to smile just so;

And then I asked why don't she now, and then he said "You see—"

And then he rubbed his eye again and only smiled at me.

—J. W. Foley in Collier's Weekly.



A TEMPLE SCENE IN SIAM.

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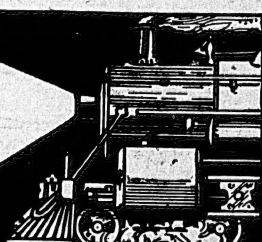
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SONG

Dear, though you wander over peace
and passion,
Searching the days to prove yourself
untrue,
You can not hide me. Still, in my
own fashion,
I shall come back to you.

In other eyes, on lips that hid you
in doubt,
In music, in the little things we
knew,
In your blind prayers for happiness
without me,
I shall come back to you.

God keep you safe, through all the
ache of learning,
Through all the wrong you need to
he and do,
Till in the wise joy of unfeigned
yearning.

I shall come back—I shall come
back to you!

—Brian Hooker, in Harper's Monthly.

"Do you ever see cows dressed in
gray flannel in London?"

—Cranford.

For three weeks I have had it in
my mind to write you of Cranford and
its author, Mrs. Gaskell, the hundred-
th anniversary of whose birth,
hundreds and thousands are commem-
orating this year.

Cranford, or to be correct, Knut-
ford—the city of the Amazons, the
home of Miss Pole, and Miss Matty,
and Miss Jenkyns, the place where
economy was always "elegant," where
"though some might be poor, we were
all aristocratic."

Cranford—quaint village that is
everywhere, where people have indus-
trious and kindness, and where
oddities are tolerated, nay, greatly
loved for the sake of the individuals.

I am quite sure that Cranford ex-
isted in Guelph, afterwards in Wood-
stock, where my own early life was
passed. I am also morally certain
that I recognized it in Hiram—a
wee village, most dead-ly dull to a
giddy young girl, but in reminiscence
so deliciously quaint I wonder I could
ever have lost sight of its charm
through the thin dust of monotony
that covered it.

And Cranford, is it not in its own
peculiar fashion right here in Edmon-
ton, where, though we do not go the
length of putting our cows into gray
flannel dressing-gowns, as Miss Betty
Barker did, we do other things equally
old and delicious, so that, as I said
last week, no one can afford to
laugh at another.

Cranford, I think, one laughs with,
not at. A century gone by, but the
homey sweet little bits as true today
as the day the dear, dead authoress
made them into a book. The wise
and humorous conclusions of people and
things, not altered a particle! How
many Miss Jenkins today "seize the
half-hour just previous to post-time to
assure" their friends of this or that.
Again: "As we did not read much,
and as all the ladies were pretty well
suited with servants, there was a
dearth of subjects for conversation.
We therefore discussed the circum-
stances of the Captain taking a poor
old woman's dinner out of her hands
one very slippery Sunday" and so on.
This is very much the kind of thing
we turn to today, though we may be
gathered presumably to discuss Art,
Music, French conversation, or other
high-sounding titles.

Captain Brown and his foibles are
as staple among us, as they were in
the village of aristocratic poverty and
the memories of his goodness and
gentle loving heart, as potent to move
us to tears, this long hundred years
after, as the day the carter announced
the tragic manner of his ending, when
Miss Matty burst into tears, and Miss
Jenkyns "looked very ill," and asked
to have the window "lifted."

Those of us who hail from small
Ontario towns and who have gone
back "home" since coming West, will

smile appreciatively over the author's
innocent description of Cranford, re-
visited: "There had been neither
bills, deaths, nor marriages since I
was there last. Everybody lived in the
same house, and were pretty near
the same well-preserved, old-fash-
ioned clothes. The greatest event
was, that the Miss Jenkyns had pur-
chased a new carpet for the drawing-
room. On the busy work, Miss Matty
and I had been in chasing the sunbeams
as they fell in an afternoon right
down on this carpet through the
blindness of window. We spread news-
papers over the place, and sat down to
our book or our work; and lol in a
quarter of an hour, as I am sure had
moved, and was blazing away on a
fresh spot, and down again we went
on our knees to alter the positions of
the newspapers. We were very busy,
too, one whole morning, before Miss
Jenkyns gave her party, in following
her delicious, and in cutting out and
stitching together pieces of newspaper
so as to form little paths to every
chair set for the expected visitors,
lest their shoes might dirty or defile
the purity of the carpet.

Do you make paper paths for every
guest to walk upon in London?

No, but in a way, in one very
grand house, personally known to me,
they have little chamais night caps on
the brass door-knobs, and if you're a
man and are asked to the house for
a party, it's "Bring your slippers with
you," and put them on in the hall if
you're a woman, before you step on the
hard-wood floors.

Again, have you never sat in a sun-
less parlor, and had its mistress shake
up the cushions back for you, even as
you lean against them for a little
moral comfort?

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Many great women writers have
added to the world's best literature,
but it is doubtful if ever a sweeter,
more observant and gifted woman
has penned a book than Mrs. Gaskell,
whose century the English-speak-
ing world is doing so much to honor.

And I had intended to write of Hat-
low-E'en, and tell you some spookish
things I know. Next year, perhaps—
Who knows?

THE WONDER SHOP

I was sipping tea in a "Window in
Thrum's," on day this week. Will
you be knowing the window, com-
manding a fine view of the High
Street, where all the little world of
Edmonton flits by gravely, surlily, or
merrily, as their fancy or humor list-
eth, when suddenly the Man, he of
the twinkly, melancholy Irish eyes,
exploded, "Peggy, why don't you start
it? A wonder column," quite frank-
ly stolen from the Bystander's "This
Week's Wonders," where our local
heroes and heroines, their dress and
manners, the happenings of the town
and all sorts of other highly interest-
ing things may be set forth for every-
body to wonder at.

Because, you know, half one's life,
at least, is spent in speculation. Won-
dering why men and women act thus
and so, why things are ordered as
they oftentimes are, and a huge
amount of similar guessing, which a
Wonder Editor would endeavor to
solve or at least call to his reader's
attention.

Perhaps a Wonder Department
might even contrive to do a little mis-
sionary work, though I warn you that
it is not an especially avowed purpose.
I don't know whether you belong to
the "Wondering Clan"; you can easily
find out. Pull up a chair before
a merry grate fire, get a friend
or an enemy or two together and—
what happens. Before you know
what you're about, you'll be "won-
dering" what he or she is going to do
next. How the political entanglement
is going to solve itself. "Why the
family kept so still about it, and all
the rest of it."

Queries, considered, and if not too
personal, thankfully received. Re-
member this is no anarchical propo-
sition. Just all the world to wonder
at—and all the world to keep friends
with.

Mr. M. started the column by
wondering why on earth She didn't
wear black often? The wonder be-
ing aroused, after seeing Her in a
black evening dress at a recent party,
when She looked quite stunning while
in faded light colors, she usually
looks, well, to put it mildly, "of not
much account." Cue No. 1. Find
out who wore black at recent festivi-
ties, the solution is not far to seek.

Then a woman got to wondering.
Wondering why she wasn't asked to a
certain small party, her own set, when
the other intimates were invited?
Don't know. Referred to the Host-
ess.

Then—everybody is wondering how
many dances with one girl, are per-
missible at a Ball? Ask some thing
easy. Depends on whether the man
came West of his own accord, or was
sent out because he didn't "look
bright enough for home."

Everybody again is wondering why
so many men of means board at the
"Y. M. C. A.," why they don't take
rooms in town and leave those at the
Association headquarters for the
struggling fellows, who could appre-
ciate them, I'm by.

Someone else wonders if it's just a
good thing to have travelled about
turning down that traveller because
he only gave a dollar to the fund.
Looks to him a little too much like
common blackmail and not calculated
to help the cause. Could answer,
but discretion forbids it. Everybody
wonders if his name is on the As-
sembly list?

Referred to Committee.

Everybody wonders what She sees
in him, and He in Her?

Never could see, but She wears a
big diamond, so what's the use specu-
lating?

Everybody wonders who's going to
give the first Hobble-Skirt Dance?
Couldn't say, but would advise the
ambulance to be on the spot. Every-
body wonders how they're going to

get enough party gowns to make an
appearance at this year's dances?

Their husbands are wondering too.
Everybody wonders if The Blue
Moon gets as full again, whatever
the Lady in the Moon is going to do
at all, at all?

Everybody wonders how many
"singer's throats," and "stiff fingers"
will develop before the first meeting
of the new Ladies' Musical Club?

Everybody wonders what Her new
house will be like?

That remains to be seen.

They are wondering how many peo-
ple live on paper in town? As well
ask what two and two total up.

But when one starts a wondering
it is hard to end. This week The Mir-
ror is already wandering into other
features and pastures—so until our
next issue, continue to "wonder" on,
as it pleases you—only—don't ask me.

PEGGY.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

The last book issued by William
de Morgan, appears to have aroused
considerable attention on the part of
readers and critics. Much of this
has arisen from the fact that the
story, which is entitled, "An Affair
of Dishonor," is in altogether a dif-
ferent style from those which have
hitherto proceeded from this au-
thor's pen. He has adopted a new
style, and instead of describing con-
temporary scenes, has placed his
characters in the eighteenth century.
"M.A.P." has the following amusing
"Review in Rhyme" of the book:

The veteran William de Morgan
Turns out of his usual track,
And struts and gory

In this, his last story,
Which takes us two hundred years
back.

It's called "An Affair of Dishonor,"
And tells us of duels and dreams,
Of sea-storms unchancy.

And black necromancy
Of ghosts, moated granges, and
screams.

The heroine, Lucy Mauleverer,
Is a dove whom the villain has
snared.

But she simply adores him,
And though constantly bores him
For once the devotion is shared.

He carries her off to his Manor,
And then, without any remorse,
In a duello dies.

He accounts for her sire,
But doesn't tell Lucy, of course.

The worry of keeping the secret
Like a spook on the villain's chest
Alas!

But he earns, in a fashion,
The reader's compassion
Because he's afflicted with fits.

He watches a sea-fight with Lucy
Where Dutchmen and Britons show
pluck.

And to add to the bother
They shelter her brother,
But he's blind, so the villain's in luck.

But, sight restored, forces a duel,
And this time the villain is pinked.

Then his wife dies in town—
—The plague marks her down—
And with Lucy he's legally linked.

But witchcraft and dream-craft pur-
sue him:

He finally pays for his sins,
And, though strange it may seem,
He succumbs to the dream.

That he dreams when the story
begins.

But the story's too thin for a writer
Who can photograph detail with ease.
It doesn't arrive,
These folks aren't alive.

—De Morgan, old style again, please!

JACK N'D JILL BOTH DULL!

Another woman has told her sister
what the trouble is with Ameri-
can home life. It is the hired girl.
If wives would do their own house-
work everything would be all right,
and the millennium just around the
corner. According to this lecturer,
the average wife lolls about the house
all day doing nothing and when her
tired husband returns at night she
pesters him to take her out some-
where. He is too weary and the imp
of dissipation enters that home and
there is trouble from that on.

SAVED FROM THE KNIFE

Appendicitis Cured By "Fruit-a-tives"

Newnham Ont., Feb. 12th, 1910.

"Just about a year ago, our daughter Ella (fourteen years), was taken with
terrible pains in the right side. The pain was so severe that we called for
a doctor. We at once put her under the care of a first-class doctor, who pronounced
it a case of Appendicitis and advised an operation. We took her to a hospital in Kingston where she was again examined by an
eminent specialist. He said she had Appendicitis and must be operated on at
once if we wanted to save her life. As we had taken her to Kingston to have
this done we were ready, but our daughter was afraid and cried and begged so
pitifully that we postponed the operation for that day. Luckily for us and for her, an uncle came
in with some 'Fruit-a-tives' and insisted on Ella taking them. Good results were
apparent almost from the first dose, and the continuous treatment cured her.

"Fruit-a-tives" saved our daughter from the surgeon's knife, and to-day she is enjoying the best of health."
J. W. FOX, (Father),
LUTHERAN FOX, (Mother).

Words cannot express the gratitude of Mr. and Mrs. Fox. And Miss Ella will always remember "Fruit-a-tives"—the discovery of an eminent physician, who says the only medicine in the world made of fruit. See a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 3c. At dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ontario.

Instead of hiring a servant the wife, so this adviser says, should do her own work and be too tired to go out at night. To a mere man to go out this would make a pretty dull world of it. The spectacle of a million tired husbands in Chicago sitting across the dining table from a million tired wives isn't a pleasant thing to contemplate. Besides, women have heretofore been told to make themselves agreeable to their spouses, not to bother them with tales of household troubles; to present cheerful aspects and try to take their husbands' minds off their business worries when they come home.

Wives have been advised to divert their husbands by sprightly conversation so that the sordid cares of office shall be forgotten. They have been told to ask them in a casual and off-



The Bride-elect: "Maybe ye better wait Silas. We can get a license cheaper up to Hobbs's Corners."—Harper's Bazar.

That Cold Room

on the side of the house where winter blasts strike hardest always has a lower temperature than the rest of the house. There are times when it is necessary to raise the temperature quickly or to keep the temperature up for a long period. That can't be done by the regular method of heating without great trouble and overheating the rest of the house. The only reliable method of heating such a room alone by other means is to use a

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which can be kept at full or low heat for a short or long time. Four quarts of oil will give a glowing heat for nine hours, without smoke or smell.

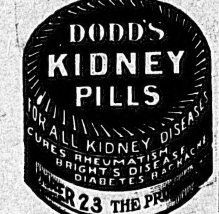
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An automatic-locking flame spreader prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back so that it can be cleaned in an instant.

The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, and can be unsevered in an instant for reworking. Finished in Japan or nickel, strong, well-made, built for service, and yet light and ornamental. Has a cool handle.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.



—New York Times.

HOME AND SOCIETY
(Continued from page four)

Tattersall Concert, in the Separate School Hall on Wednesday evening, November 2, at 8 p.m., the first of a series of three concerts to be given by this talented company, during the Winter. The programme is a particularly attractive one, and consists of vocal and instrumental numbers by such well-known people as Miss Aspley, who has just come out from England, and is spoken of very highly as a brilliant pianist; Mr. Tattersall, who is the possessor of a fine voice; Miss Constance Buck, Madame Carlotta, Mr. W. J. Hendry, an old favorite with Edmonton audiences, and Miss Zella Howe, eleventh.

In addition there will be a good orchestra to give support to the whole, so that genuine treat is in store for lovers of good music. Reserved seats, one dollar; tickets 50 and 75 cents.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald of "Glen-coe," who has been spending the summer at her old home in Cobourg, is expected home this week-end. Mrs. Macdonald is bringing her sister, Miss Lena Kerr, daughter of the late Senator Kerr, to spend the Winter in Edmonton with her.

PEGGY.

LADY DOROTHY NEVILLE'S
CRITICISM OF THE LONDON
SMART SET

Lady Dorothy Neville, in her brilliant reminiscences, "Under Fire Reigns," tells us of a wide circle of friends among well known people in the Victorian era, including King Edward, Disraeli, Gladstone, Bright, and Lytton, says Public Opinion. She has had unique opportunities of watching the changes in English society, especially in aristocratic circles; and the changes she sees are not to her liking. She makes some particularly candid remarks about the conquest of the West End by Mammon.

"Whilst the English aristocracy," writes Lady Dorothy, "were undoubtedly well advised to profit by the lesson of the ruling caste across the channel, whose complete downfall at the time of the revolution was largely brought about by their indiscriminating exclusiveness and indifference towards all not of noble birth, it would seem an open question whether they have not gone too far in welcoming and pandering to wealth, no matter how acquired. In the early days of the financial invasion into the West End, society which then really existed, unconsciously aspired toward absorbing the newcomers into their own class, and thus still retaining social power under the new conditions which were beginning to prevail."

"Unfortunately," as matters have turned out, a quite opposite state of affairs has come to pass, and the forces of Mammon have absorbed, and are still gradually absorbing, the influence which ranks and long lineage once enjoyed. Birth today is of small account, whilst wealth wields an unquestioned sway. It would indeed seem that society—aristocratic society, that is—might have made a better bargain if it had exercised a greater amount of discrimination and reserve, whilst extending a less enthusiastic welcome to millionaires shrewd enough to despise those whose ends they easily divined.

"The conquest of the West End by the city has brought about a complete change of tone, for whereas in former

days little was heard of stocks and shares, money-making (or rather money-losing, which is generally the result of speculation) has become an ordinary subject of conversation. The older generation rarely spoke of two things—their financial affairs and their digestions. Both are now favorite topics.

"Many of the old school regarded anything but serious investments generally carried out for them by their family solicitors with extreme suspicion, and some held ultra-scrupulous views as to speculation of any kind whatever."

"Though there have always been different groups in London society, there was formerly nothing at all approximating to the coterie known as the 'smart set'—a name which, I suppose, says Lady Dorothy, "particularly refers to the clothes worn by its members, most of whom, it may with justice be said, can lay little claim to the possession of brains, whilst some, what contemptuously tolerant of them in others."

"The adjective 'smart,' which has now come into such extended use, was not, as in former days, Mrs. Macdonald is bringing her sister, Miss Lena Kerr, daughter of the late Senator Kerr, to spend the Winter in Edmonton with her."

"According to their old-world ideas, such an expression would rather convey the idea of some kitchen-maid dressed up in her Sunday best—they would certainly not have regarded it as a flattering description of a lady or of a gentleman."

"The great qualifications for admission into the 'smart set' (to which birth or talent are certainly no passports) would appear to be rather obscure. Wealth judiciously applied, would seem to be the most necessary qualification to ensure the possessor's entry into a circle which is nothing if not extravagant. It should, however, be added that, on the whole, these people do little harm, for their amusements are generally more silly than vicious, and their life, in spite of the obloquy to which it is occasionally exposed, is probably no worse than the rest of the world."

Card-playing, dining, and chatter, varied with practical jokes, or what would pass as jokes, are, after all, no crimes. Conversation, in the true sense of the term, the 'smart set,' neither likes nor under stands though not a few of its members are very apt and good at their own kind of personal banter and somewhat vapid repartee.

"This curious clique may be defined as consisting mainly of little people—that is to say, little in intelligence, though some of its members (most of them men) have shown great shrewdness in accumulating money. It is not surprising that an

individual whose early existence has been a strenuous struggle to pile up wealth should wish to tear out of the somewhat dull atmosphere of commercial life into what seems to him the most exclusive of circles, and bask in the smiles of those who, to his dazzled gaze, represent the highest of the land. Many such natures find relaxation in frivolous gossip, whilst their eye is pleased and their senses are soothed by attractive surroundings which they find ready to hand. The really great men of the past, however, would not, I think, have cared for the 'smart set'—there was nothing little about most of them."

"As for the rank and file, consisting of beauties, or supposed beauties, cosmopolitans of fortune, and various grades of hangers-on, most of them have excellent reasons for setting a high value upon the position which, in many cases, it has taken them infinite pains to reach, and which it is possible, may bring them very substantial advantages."

"To the independent and original, however, the joys of such an existence can make but limited appeal. The 'smart set,' for his part, does not want them, for it sets little value upon mere intelligence without wealth. A clever financier they can understand, for some mundane benefits are pretty certain to follow in his wake."

"Mere originality and wit, however, not put to any financially beneficial use, are apt, in the opinion of most of such people, to degenerate into boredom, whilst at heart they well know that the possessors of such very unprofitable qualities, in nine cases out of ten, would regard the whims and fancies—the poor chatter and total lack of ideas—with feelings of pity

or, at best, of amused contempt."

"Now and then some fairly intelligent individual strays into this heterogeneous assemblage, and, by the careful suppression of personality, becomes quite popular, prattling with the rest of them of scandals, clothes and the thousand and one little trifles which are the pivots upon which the existence of such an ephemeral group mainly revolves."

"One of the most pleasant things about the 'smart set' is its complacency. Many of its members are as happy as the day is long, serenely confident that they and they alone represent the elect of the human race, destined, by some turn of fate which they have no desire to understand, to lead a life of lotus-eating and amusement. Curiously enough, when the ruthless destiny, which comes to so many human beings quite irrespective of wealth or class, happens to overwhelm people of this sort, quite a number, contrary to what one might reasonably suppose, display the greatest courage. Not a few have faced the loss of fortune with a cheerfulness which few characters might envy, whilst others, stricken down by disease and pain, exhibit a rare fortitude of quite an extraordinary character."

"As a matter of fact, a large number of people who spend their time toying with the trifles of life are unconscious fatalists, avoiding every form of trouble or of sorrow, much as they do a bad dinner. 'Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die,' is their motto—one of an unspringing and even low character. Nevertheless, it is but just to remember that if many of them have acted up to the first part of it to the full not a few have ex-

hibited great courage and character when put to the test."

"London society—an expression which means nothing now—demands very different credentials of newcomers from those formerly asked," declares Lady Dorothy Neville. "As a criterion of fact, any one prepared to entertain lavishly can soon become one of its leaders provided it is managed in the proper way."

In some of the down-town stores I see they are having "Harvest" Sales. "Harvest" is not only one of the most beautiful words in the language in itself, but in the picture it calls to mind, that of peace and plenty, of well-stocked barns, and the fruits of the earth and the vine plentifully stored away against the need of the winter months, breathes also it seems to me, a sense of prayer and thanksgiving."

On Monday people will be gathering in the churches to offer up their thanks for a bountiful Harvest, and a promising prosperous year ahead. Mr. Ramsay, also on that day, is throwing open his fine greenhouses to the public to show how prodigal Dame Nature has been in her care of plant and flower life.

During the afternoon, an orchestra will provide sweet music to all its touch to the charm of these beautiful conservatories, and I feel sure many will avail themselves of the opportunity to call and wander at will among the owners. Thoughtful people too, will not forget others less for-

tunately situated than themselves, and doubtless many bunches of exquisite blossoms will find their way to the Hospitals and the houses of friends, proof of the love and thankfulness engendered by the day.

There will be a beautiful array to choose from, roses, carnations, violets and lilies of the valley, but the flowers of the season is the splendid Chrysanthemum, the Harvest Flower, strong, virile, and bursting with bloom and beauty. You can have them in what color you will: golden, rosy pink, white, variegated—there is a fine choice. Prices, too, are very reasonable.

I saw some very attractive ferns, dishies, jardinières, and baskets, suitable for potted plants, and posie holders. They come in green, cream, and wood-brown, and would make a much appreciated Thanksgiving offering."

The bulbs are also all in and ready to plant. Thousands of them, hyacinths, Chinese lilies, narcissus, and tulips; and Mr. Ramsay emphasized very strongly the necessity of early planting, now, in fact, to bring them to maturity for early spring.

Orders are being taken now for the delivery of Thanksgiving flowers and plants, and to avoid disappointment I should advise your sending yours in early.

PEGGY.

A HOME COOKERY SALE.

A Home Cookery Sale will be held by the Mission Circle of McDougall Methodist church in the office of the Great West Land Company, Ltd., next to the Merchants Bank on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 29. All kinds of good things.

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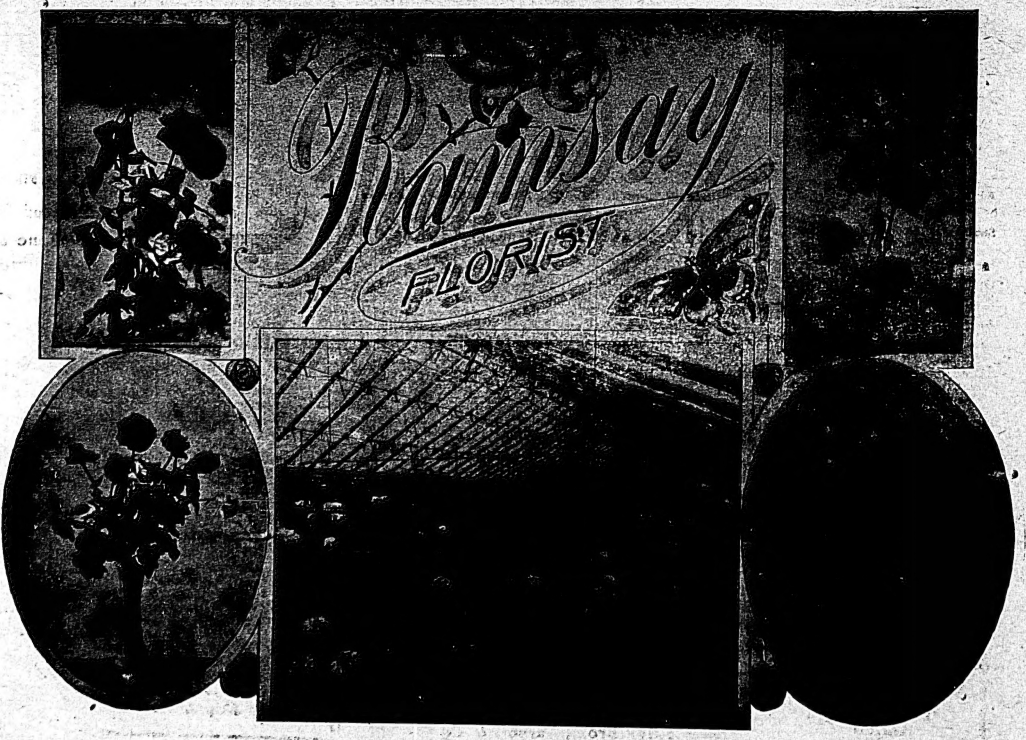
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WHOLE COUNTRY IS
RINGING WITH ITWonderful Cure of Rheumatism by
Dodd's Kidney Pills

Mrs. Hutchins of Dunham, Que.,
Could Not Walk Across the Room
—Story of her speedy and complete cure.

Dunham, Que., Oct. 29.—(Special.)—Missisquoi County is ringing with the story of Mrs. G. M. Hutchins, who after suffering from Rheumatism, Lumbago and Neuralgia, is again a strong, hearty woman. In an interview Mrs. Hutchins says: "I was affected with Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Lumbago. My limbs would swell; my muscles would cramp; I was nervous and had a heavy dragging sensation across the loins."

"I could not even walk across the room. Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and after taking six boxes found myself in the best of health—as well as ever I was in my life."

Mrs. Hutchins' troubles were all caused by Kidney Disease. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills cured them so completely and quickly. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure only Kidney Disease, but they are a sure cure for any form of it, from backache to Bright's Disease.

The Saturday News

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785 Fourteenth Street
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Home and Society

(Continued from Page Four)

tractive with bright open fires. In the room dark red roses centred the polished table and Mrs. Adolphus Williams and Mrs. Dennis Murphy poured tea and coffee. The former wore a gown of pale blue, made with a bolero of boleros and bugles and a becoming tulle in velvet and pinnies. Mrs. Murphy was attired in a pretty gown of pale pink embroidered in gold, and a large white hat with black plumes. Mrs. G. M. Gibbs presided at the table of ices, wearing a pretty frock in a soft tone of rose and black picture hat.—Vancouver Saturday Sunnet.

The pretty home of Mrs. H. J. Madill, 1222 Thirteenth avenue west, was in gala attire yesterday afternoon when a very large number of smartly frocked women called to welcome this new and charming hostess to their midst. Mrs. Madill is not an entire stranger, for she lived here many years ago, but she was only a 'slip of a girl' then.

Purple and white chrysanthemums, ferns and potted plants were used to decorate the drawing room. Mrs. Madill wore an extremely handsome tailored gown of pale blue broadcloth with velvet applique, border around the tunic and yoke of Irish lace, with touches of gold.

Mrs. Markley in a gown of black and white with large black picture hat, and Mrs. Robertson in wisteria silk with lace trimmings, and black and white hat, presided over the tea table. The assistants were Miss Nita Markley and Miss Bessie Findlay.—Calgary Herald.

An announcement of great interest to large numbers of Calgary people is that of the engagement of Miss Franc A. Jaynes, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Jaynes, 24 Twelfth avenue west, to William A. Ross, of the firm of Middleton & Ross of this city, formerly of Owen Sound, which was announced yesterday afternoon when Mrs. Jaynes, mother of the bride-elect, entertained a large number of friends at an "at home." Although the exact date for the wedding is not yet fixed, the ceremony will take place during the month of December. Miss Jaynes is one of the most popular and best known young girls in the city, where she has lived for over nine years, except for the time spent in the east at college, and she has the best wishes of a host of friends.

Mrs. Jaynes received her guests wearing a fashionable gown of Dresden silk in lavender and blue shades, with a tunic of blue chiffon trimmed with lace.—Calgary Herald.

Mrs. Pardee is having a tiny tea this Friday afternoon for Mrs. Lowe, of Calgary, and Miss Hayes, of Toronto, who is making a short visit to Mrs. Godfrey Pate.

Mrs. Howard Douglas had a small bridge on Thursday afternoon at her apartments in the Rene Lemarchand Mansions.

Mrs. McMurrich, of Toronto arrived early in the week on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. James Biggar.

Mrs. Freddie Lowes, of Calgary.

was the hostess of a very smart luncheon of seven covers, in the private dining room of the "King" Edward Hotel on Thursday, when the table was beautifully decorated with three tall vases of huge gold and white mums, and a very elaborate menu was served.

Mrs. Lowes received her guests in a smart navy blue skirt and a very modish waist of hand-embroidered blue chiffon over white net, and wearing a beautiful pearl and diamond necklace, set in platinum and blue enamel with long pearl tassels. The guests present were: Mrs. Metcalfe, of Port Hope; Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Balmer Watt and Miss Gertrude Hudspeith.

At the organization meeting of the Edmonton Women's Musical Club held in the Separate School Hall, on Saturday last, officers were elected for the year, as well as a program committee composed of fourteen members selected, Madame Cote occupying the chair, Mrs. Spratt acting as treasurer, and Mrs. Slock as the secretary for the meeting. A very large number of ladies witnessed their interest by being present, and a large membership roll of active and associate members enrolled their names in the new club.

It was decided to hold meetings twice a month, the concerts to take place in the Separate School Hall. The programmes will be diversified, some being given over to special composers, others being of a miscellaneous nature.

Members are to have the privilege of bringing an out-of-town guest once to a meeting, afterwards a charge of twenty-five cents a concert will be made. Gentlemen may share in the pleasure of listening to the programmes by payment of a shilling a concert—which strikes one as a very good idea.

The officers for the year are:
President—Madame Cote.
1st Vice—Mrs. James Biggar.
2nd Vice—Miss Ethel Webster.
Secretary—Miss Penelope Davies.
Treasurer—Mrs. Spratt.

There will be eleven concerts in all, the first to take place November 19th at 3:30 p.m. They are expected to last an hour, leaving time for a cup of tea later in town.

Mrs. Carmichael was the hostess of a bright tea on Monday afternoon in honor of Miss Creighton, of New York, when the reception-room was fragrant and beautiful with quantities of sweet peas, the tea-table being done most effectively with yellow mums, on a lovely yellow chiffon and real lace centre-piece.

Mrs. Carmichael received her guests in a pretty costume of pale blue rajah silk, and the guest of honor wore a modish green tailored suit with hat en suite.

Mrs. Creighton presided at the tea urn, Mrs. McGowan served the ices, Mrs. Park and Mrs. Gillespie assisted in the drawing-room, while a bevy of young girls, Miss Van Kesterie, of Lindsay, Miss Isabel and Miss Hattie Edwards, and Miss Annie Gillespie passed the tempting refreshments. Miss Creighton returned to New York on Wednesday.

Among the good attractions on the boards for next week is the Astley-

(Continue on page 5.)

CHILDREN'S COLDS



Large bottle 35 cents.

Now is the time when your children are very apt to catch cold. The sudden changes in the weather, the difference between school and house and open air, getting uncovered at night, all often lead to sore throats, coughs and gripe.

MATHIEU'S SYRUP
of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

should be taken at the first symptoms. Children find its taste pleasant, and it keeps them well and strong.

No better combined cure and tonic has ever been compounded. Ask for Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil.

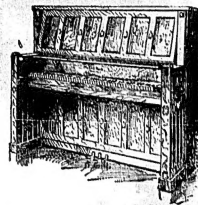
Where there is fever with the cold take Mathieu's Nerve Powders to reduce the fever and relieve the pain. They are sold in boxes of 18 powders for 25c.

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Distributors for Western Canada.
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Both in material and workmanship, is and ever will be maintained. Do not sacrifice tone quality, and the satisfaction that is obtained only by having a high grade piano, in the mistaken attempt to save a few dollars at the start.

Your Piano should represent a life-long purchase.

It is used every day, year in and year out, and plays an important part in your home life. The extra dollars that you spend now in having a Mason & Risch Piano will soon be forgotten, while the pleasure and satisfaction of having the best is before you as long as you live.

Buy your P no the Mason and Risch way—"From Factory to Home"
It's the cheapest in the end.

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o-phones stand without a peer, as the perfect musical instruments, for the home of the lover of good music. By no other means is it possible to bring into your own drawing-room, an entertainment that is, at once, so good and so varied as through the

Victor & Berliner

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(FROM \$15 UP—EASY PAYMENTS IF DESIRED)



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Monday Afternoon

(October 31st)

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2 to 5 p.m.

Everyone Welcome

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Music and Flowers

916 Victoria Ave.

Phone 1292

Home and Society

Mrs. Edmund Bick who has recently moved to Edmonton with her husband from Regina, and taken up her residence, next to the Richards on Edward street, will receive for the first time next Monday, and afterwards on the first and third Mondays.

Mrs. Richards is expecting her aunt, Mrs. Macdonald, Hogz, from England, for a visit this Saturday. On Monday Mrs. Macdonald Hogz will receive with her. Mrs. Richards expects that her aunt will be able to spend at least a month in the capital.

Mrs. Freddie Lowes of Calgary who came up with her husband at last week-end, to spend a few days in town, has been the raison d'être of a number of happy little gatherings, at most of which old Port Hope friends have predominated. Mr. and Mrs. Lowes have been staying at the King Edward. Already Mrs. Lowes is a great favorite with those who have had the pleasure of meeting her in Edmonton, while in Calgary she is one of the most popular of the younger matrons.

Through an oversight last week, I neglected to correct a mis-statement that appeared in this column regarding the object for which a recent eulogy was given. Instead of being

held in aid of securing a deaconess for Christ church, the party was for the purpose of raising funds for a District Nurse. Mr. Jefferson very kindly called my attention to the fact, but through an oversight his letter only reached me this week.

Miss Cornelia Hughes is enjoying a delightful visit with friends and relatives in the Maritime provinces.

Mrs. Ghiselin received on Wednesday afternoon for the first time since her marriage, at her artistic little home on Eighth street, when such a shoal of callers descended on the wee house as to make sitting room at a premium. I write that Mrs. Ghiselin received, but I should have said, was announced to. At the last moment she was so wretched with a cold that Mrs. Mays, her sister, was obliged to welcome her guests in her place. However, everyone enjoyed a delicious cup of tea and a taste of wedding cake, and admired to the full the appealing simplicity and charm of the tiny rooms, with their dash of pretty colors in some huge golden mums and quaint yellow primroses. Miss Viva Sommerville assisted in dispensing the appetizing dainties, and everyone left, voicing their good wishes for a speedy recovery for the young hostess.

(Continued on Page Four.)

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Up to the present time the tired business man's demand for the "happy ending" on the stage has been confined to dramas, but in London he is voicing his dissatisfaction at the gloomy character of the operas given during the season just concluded at Covent Garden. Why, he asks, do bright and volatile Italians like Mascagni and Puccini, who avoid anything like tragedy or unpleasantness in private life, choose horrible and sordid tragedies as themes upon which to write grand operas? Even their predecessors, Verdi, Donizetti and others, drew their inspiration from melancholy and gore, and such later composers as Gounod, Bizet, Charpentier and Laparra delight in color and incidents reeking of the police courts.

In the Covent Garden season was the following array of crime and unhappiness:

"Les Huguenots."—Hero and heroine die together.

"Il Trovatore."—Hero executed; heroine takes poison.

"La Traviata."—Heroine dies of consumption.

"Rigoletto."—Heroine murdered by mistake, her father being responsible.

"Otello."—Hero murders heroine and commits suicide.

"Lucia di Lammermoor."—Heroine stabs her husband and dies of a broken heart. Hero stabs himself.

"Faust."—Heroine causes her brother's death, goes mad, murders her child, and dies. Her lover is carried off by the Evil One.

"Aida."—Hero and heroine are entombed alive.

"Lakme."—Heroine takes poison.

"Romeo and Juliet."—Hero takes poison and heroine stabs herself.

"Pagliacci."—Hero stabs heroine and her lover.

"La Boheme."—Heroine dies of consumption, and hero and friends are left starving.

"Madame Butterfly."—Heroine deserted and betrayed, commits harakiri.

"La Tosca."—Hero is first tortured and then shot. Villain is stabbed by heroine, who subsequently throws herself over a precipice.

"Carmen."—Heroine deceives one of her lovers and is stabbed by him.

"La Habanera."—Principal character, murders his brother and goes mad; murdered man's ghost returns and causes death of heroine.

That is a pretty dish to set before the tired business man!

Sir John Hare's reappearance upon the stage will be welcomed wherever the English language is spoken. His farewell of a few years ago was only an adieu, though, doubtless, he himself thought at the time that he was done with orange-peel and gaslight forever and ever. No one will chaff the gentle knight because he has changed his mind, because he has yielded to the pleadings of Mr.

Charles Frohman, the manager of managers. In the mutability of all things how could a mere determination be immutable, especially when the persuasive arts of Mr. Frohman were backed by a unanimous public opinion?

Sir John Hare will return to the stage, not to play mawkish, modern symphonies in mauve, but to dally with the roles which brought to him the affection of the public; and the honor of the accolade "A Pair of Spectacles," and "Still Waters Run Deep" probably will be revived—and how the populace will fill the theatres to see these plays, and to enjoy once more the gracious art of him who made them live!

And if the Argus-eyed Frohman can persuade Sir John to seek once more in London the stage entrance and the make-up box, there is reason to think that he can be inveigled across the Atlantic to New York—and Montreal and Toronto. "Canadians," says the Toronto News, "have a deep interest in the personality of Sir John, and have a keen appreciation of the thousand shining facets of his art. Sir Charles Wyndham, another of the Old Guard, is coming to us next season, possibly in "The Case of Rebellious Susan." If to this good thing another can be added, Sir John Hare in "A Pair of Spectacles," the lovers of dramatic art will have a feast. Sir John has been a prodigy for many years. Let us get a fatted calf in readiness."

The Edmonton Philharmonic Society is hard at work on Coleridge-Taylor's "Hawatha's Wedding Feast." Under Mr. Barford's direction, this new organization promises to accomplish much for the cause of good music. All who are interested in the latter should support the officers in every way possible. Mr. J. A. Hillard is acting as secretary and would be glad to hear from those who are anxious to become members.

ISADOR ROGAZINSKI

A Story of the Americanization of a Young Russian

He made a good story for the ship's news reporters, did Isador Rogazinski when he came ashore at Governor's Island. He marched solemnly down the gang plank and when his feet touched the ground, he knelt down and kissed the free soil of America, and then with tears streaming from his eyes extended his arms to heaven and thanked God for delivering him from the land of bondage to where all men were free.

This made a good story for the newspapers; especially as one of the eyes that Isador endeavored to roll up to heaven was not of much use for seeing purposes, a Cossack's knout

having removed it firmly but effectually from its former abiding place. One of Isador's hands that he raised in ecstatic joy at reaching America was also observed by one of the keen young gentlemen of the press to be minus three fingers, and a wide "red scar" showed on the back of the hand. The reporter led Isador aside, and by means of earnest pleadings through the mediumship of an interpreter succeeded in pumping from him the fact that he had had his fingers lopped off by the saber of a gentle-hearted Cossack.

It seems that Isador had been interfering with the Cossack in the discharge of the latter's official duty. The Cossack was one of a body of soldiers guarding the Jewish quarters in Kishineff during a massacre. Owing to some distressing oversight on the part of their commanding officer the soldiers forgot they were guarding the inhabitants and charged them instead. One Cossack, seeing a two months' old child carried in its shrieking mother's arms, and being fearful that the baby was about to draw a revolver and shoot him down, attempted quite naturally to slay his enemy with his saber. Isador hurled aside two soldiers who were holding him back and threw up his hand to protect the baby. The soldier's saber descending, neatly trimmed the three fingers from Isador's hand, and another blow caused the deep gash down the hand and arm.

Still bubbling with joy at being in America Isador was tagged and loaded on a train and came to Chicago, where a cousin was waiting to start him on a new life. Isador kissed his cousin joyfully on both cheeks when he met him in the Union Station and immediately began to figure up how long it would be before he could send for Rebecca and the children. Isador became a peddler. He learned to say "pat-a-cakes" quite fluently, and by holding two of his stock in trade had no trouble in making people understand what he was purveying, and he did a good business. With every day he loved his new land better and he had already putting money away in a sock. When the sock was full, he figured he could send for Rebecca and the children.

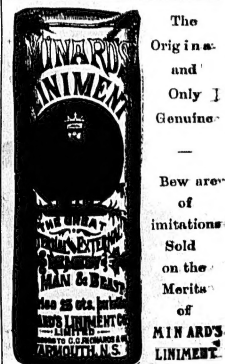
On the third afternoon of his journey, however, as he turned a corner, he was greeted by half a dozen well aimed bricks and bottles. Isador was bewildered. "What was happening?" He heard a chorus of shouts and saw half a dozen boys and young men rushing at him.

There was a mistake somewhere. Here was certainly another massacre and in America. A well aimed bottle knocked Isador from his wagon, and he staggered to his feet with the blood flowing freely from a wound in his forehead. What was he to do? Looking around Isador saw a woman with a baby standing in front of a door. He shouted to her to go into the house. But she did not seem to realize her danger.

Isador looked at his right hand. He knew that the Cossacks soon would be slashing with their sabers at the baby. He took a last farewell look at the finger and thumb, gallant survivors of Kishineff, and then ran over to the woman. He wondered how much longer it would take him to send for Rebecca and the babies if he had only one hand to work with but Isador couldn't help going to save the baby if he could. He felt as if some destiny had picked him out as an official baby saver. And then too, if he stood between this baby and the American Cossacks, perhaps some good man over in Kishineff would stand between his babies and the mob when they had the next semi-annual massacre in Russia.

A brickbat howled Isador very neatly over, but he got up and continued on his way to the rescue. The woman shouted something and Isador thought she was urging him to hurry. "What the woman really said was, 'You'd better beat it up the alley. That gang knocks the block off every peddler that comes down here.' But Isador, not understanding the language nor the ways of the country, and having no sense of humor, could not take a joke. He thought he was pursued by a pack of hoodlums who considered assault and battery on peddlers as the king of outdoor sports. The woman and the baby disappeared at last into the house, and Isador was left free to take care of himself. He ran down an alley, but a final volley of bricks and bottles from the mob, laid him low again. Then he finally recovered consciousness, got to his feet, and staggered slowly towards Halsted street.

A few blocks away he met his cousin, who was busily engaged with some companions in pursuing a half dozen garment workers who refused to go on strike, down the street. Isador picked up a brick and joined in. He was becoming Americanized. The last battle he had with him on the east had developed his bump of humor.—Chicago Tribune.

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Home and Society

Mrs. Walter Pitfield, better known to her friends as Miss Pat Matheson, leaves some time before Christmas to take up her residence in Winnipeg, where her husband has preceded her to take charge of the Prairie City's branch of Foley Bros. and Co.

Everyone will join in wishing them the best of luck and health in their new home, and hope that the young parents and their bonny wee son may often return to Edmonton for a visit.

Mrs. Barford had a jolly young people's bridge of six tables for her sister, Miss Jessie Lynch last Wednesday night, when Miss Canchon carried off the first ladies' prize and Mr. Clive Walker the gentlemen's. After supper there was some very enjoyable music, which tempted the guests to linger late, before proceeding home in the pale moonlight—always an attraction to youth and sentimentalists, to say nothing of some older folk as well.

One moon I know, is popular with boys and girls of every age and predilection; the of the blue tones, who was christened with such tremendous 'good-will and eclat on Saturday afternoon last. "The Blue Moon," or the lady in it, Miss Jean Forsythe, indeed suffered so overwhelming a reception, I wonder she is alive to tell the tale. It is a very cozy tea-shop this, up among the telegraph wires, over Starland (quite poetic, Starland and a Blue Moon, and I wonder is this the Blue Moon one refers to in the expression "Haven't seen her—in a Blue Moon"). It is in blue daint as its name signifies, nice dull blue curtains against a background of creams and browns, with saucy lantern lights, and the tea and muffins and jam were very, very appetizing, and all the smart world of Edmonton was there "for to admire and for to see."

The floral decorations were huge yellow mums, sent with "The Journal's" love or best wishes—same thing—which I thought was the nicest touch of all, Miss Forsythe being the "Celeste" of that enterprising daily, well as the Lady in the Moon and "I know how many other distracting things."

Among the many who thronged the wee shop, I noticed "The French Club," who each brought a pretty blue cup and saucer as a graceful souvenir to its presiding genius, of their visit. Mrs. Harwood, but just home from Paris, radiantly lovely in a trig blue tailor-made. Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Jennings, who brought Mrs. Sifton and Mrs. Clarke Dennis, Mrs. Freddie Lowes of Calgary, who had tea with the Edmonton Women's Press Club, Mrs. Swaisland, who was also with their party, Mrs. Beck, Mrs.

Dowers, Mrs. Mays, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Scott, all of the younger set, and a great many more whose names have just escaped me. A jolly little coterie of men also joined the festive throng and "The Blue Moon" sailed off under flying colors, to what one hopes and predicts, will prove a long and successful voyage.

Mrs. Spratt was the hostess of a charming "tea" on Wednesday afternoon at her delightful new home on the brow of the hill at Thirteenth street. Though the day was cold and blustery, the guests all turned out in their smartest frocks and furbelows, and a more brilliant and cozy tea-party it would be hard to imagine.

The hostess received in the master's particular den, a distracting little room with a great big cheery fireplace, and lots of books and interesting belongings about. Mrs. Spratt was looking very smart and attractive in a soft gown of black with a tiny white scribe with a yoke and sleeves of filmy lace.

The reception room was a picture, being done in the softest shade of old rose, with quantities of palms and shrubs, and a love of an electric shade, of shirred rose silk which cast a pleasant rosy glow over all.

The tea-room was also very much admired, the dark oaken rafters showing up in effective relief against the beautiful glow of rose shaded candle-lights, and a great bowl of yellow mums and cool green fern, disposed in the centre of the handsome oriental centrepiece.

Here Mrs. Bowers and Mrs. Lowes poured tea and coffee, Mrs. O'Kelly relieving Mrs. Bowers later on, and Mrs. Barrow served the ices, while Mrs. Heathcote and the Misses Cobbe were pretty assistants. The pleasure of the tea hour was greatly added to by Mrs. Bowers and Miss Penelope Davies, who both sang beautifully. Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison playing the accompaniments to Mrs. Bowers' songs, most artistically and with great insight and feeling. Among some lovely costumes I noticed particularly Mrs. Metcalfe in an elegant toilette of amethyst velvet with some splendid lace and jewelled passementerie on the bodice, a mink and amethyst toque to correspond, and some handsome mink furs. Also Mrs. Mowat Biggar, in a fascinating French costume of pale green and violet shades, with a pleated fall frill at the neck and a Charlotte Lordy turban of soft grey velvet, exquisitely fashioned.

Mrs. Robert Jefferson will receive for the first time since her marriage on Wednesday next and thereafter on the first Wednesday of the month.

A new afternoon Bridge Club has been organized, the first meeting will

take place at Mrs. Ambrose Dickens' residence on Tuesday next.

Last week's Winnipeg Town Topics has the following: "In honor of the Earl and Countess of Harrowby, Sir Daniel and Lady McMillan entertained at dinner at Government House on Friday evening last. The guests

were: The Earl and Countess of Harrowby, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Nanton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rogers, Mrs. D. C. Cameron, Mrs. Sanford Evans, Mrs. Higginson, Mrs. T. B. Evans, Miss Helen Prestwich, Mr. Arthur M. Grenfell, Mr. R. M. Grenfell, Major Guy St. Aubyn, Captain D. O. C. Newton, M.

V. O.; Mr. H. M. E. Evans, Mr. Leigh McCarthy and Captain G. M. Thomson."

A very bright function of last week was Mrs. S. S. Taylor's tea arranged in honor of her house guest, Mrs. Ross of Edmonton. The hostess received in a broadcloth gown in a

shell pink shade, beautifully ornamented with rose points, while Mrs. Ross, who assisted her in welcoming her guests, appeared in a handsome black lace robe draped over a gown of shimmering gold satin. The spacious rooms were exquisitely decorated with flowers and made doubly attractive.

(Continued on page 5)



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Good For Everyone

Tea or coffee may not really harm you—but neither can benefit you at all nor feed you at all—both are mere infusions—mere flavours. But cocoa is an emulsion of gluten, fats, albumen, starch, sugar—all the food-requisites, available in the most palatable form—alluring to the taste, instantly helpful to the system. "There is no better food than Fry's Cocoa," says Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., the great authority. Health states that Fry's "is the strongest and best cocoa that can possibly be produced." Prove that for yourself—order a tin from your grocer—tell him, though, that

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Fry's Breakfast Cocoa, you see, is the most economical (as well as the purest and richest) of cocoas. A tiny spoonful makes a big cupful of the fragrant, nourishing, palate-pleasing beverage that is the best thing anyone can drink. A tin of Fry's costs very little, considering how long it lasts even though you use it thrice a day for the whole household.

Fry's—is good

And when 'company' drops in unexpectedly, you are never at your wits' end for a satisfying repast if you have Fry's Cocoa in the pantry—it goes a long way toward making a feast of an ordinary meal. Everyone likes it. Be sure that you include Fry's Cocoa in your next order to the grocer.

Dr. Joseph Fry founded the House of Fry at Bristol, England, early in the eighteenth century. To-day the works, the largest cocoa manufactory in the world, employ nearly 5,000 people. Messrs. Fry hold Royal Warrants as Manufacturers of Cocoa and Chocolate to the Royal House of England, of Spain and of the Hellenes; and they have received more than 300 Grands Prix, Gold Medals and Diplomas attesting the high merit and purity of their wares.

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Stomach and Kidney Disorders



Stomach and Kidney Disorders

don't come in a day, but are usually the result of long-continued indiscretions. Nor can they be cured in a day; drugs may give temporary relief, but the real cure is usually in right living. As an aid to Nature your physician will recommend

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